

94 Cliffe Gardens

SUPERSURF RULES OKEYDOKEY!

PROG 428
27 JULY 85

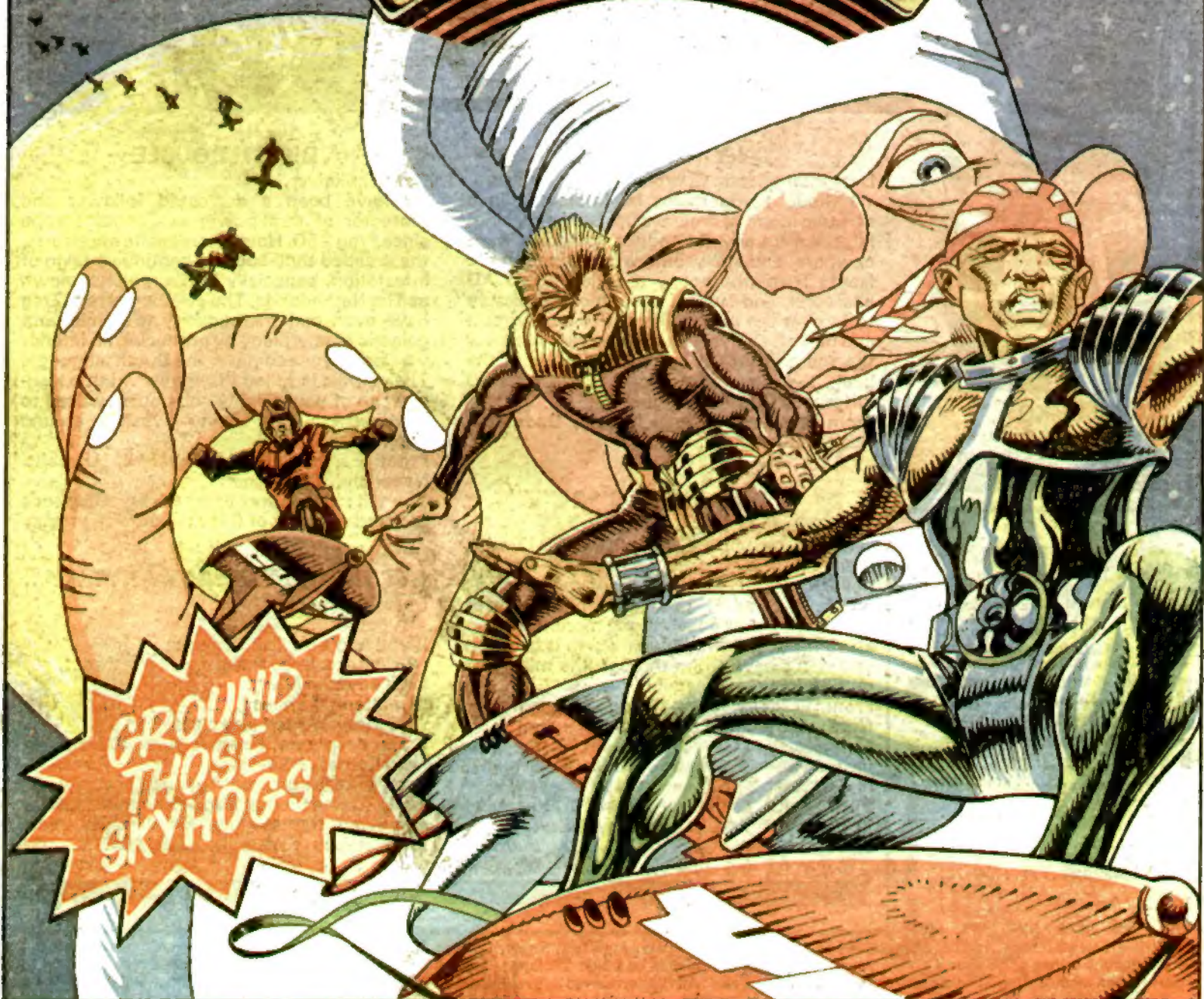
IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

\$1.45 Malaysia
\$1.00 Australia
\$1.00 New Zealand
\$1.00 Mercury
\$1.00 Venus
\$1.00 Mars
\$1.00 Asteroid Belt
\$1.00 Saturn
\$1.00 Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD



GROUND
THOSE
SKYHOGS!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Those of you with enormous memory circuits will recall my telling you, in Prog 425, that one of my own droids had betrayed me – by writing offensive replies to innocent Terran letters, and then pocketing the cash prizes intended for the Squaxx dek Thargo. Alas, I have not yet discovered the identity of the treacherous droid, but I'm keeping myself busy by processing some of the suitably gruesome droid punishments which so many kind-hearted Earthlets have sent in. As a reward for your imaginative efforts, I, Tharg the Generous, shall send a prize to the Earthlet whose suggestion I use: any pieces of the guilty droid that remain intact afterwards! On a lighter note, this prog sees the first episode of my new *'Ice Truckin' Co.'* saga. On a darker note again, however, I should point out the title of this story – 'The Croakside Trip'. I shall say no more for the time being, except – watch this space-trucker!

SPENDING YOUR THRIG!

THARG

G.B. THARG

Drawn by Earthlet John Whittle,
Wigan. £10 Winner.



JUDGE UKKO

Drawn by Earthlet Pamela
Murphy, Cumbria. £10 Winner.

D-I-Y THRILLS *1

Dear Intergalactic Guardian,

I thought you might be interested in a scrotnig idea I've dreamed up: Badge-making! First, collect any old badges you don't want anymore, and stick some white paper on the front. Then photocopy a zarjaz 2000 AD character, and cut out enough of the picture to fit over the badge. Finally, to look after it and make it shiny, stretch some clingfilm over the top and tuck it in behind the pin at the back. I've covered a cap at home with 30 different 2000 AD badges!

From Earthlet Benjamin Marvin, Godstone,
Surrey. £5 Winner.

D-I-Y THRILLS *2

Dear Tharg,

Since I started collecting 2000 AD I've put many Pin-Ups on my bedroom wall – yet I've never cut a single one out of my precious progs. Instead, I get them photocopied, which shouldn't cost anyone more than 15p Earth money, and it's well worth it because you don't have to go through the misery of cutting up your collection.

From Earthlet Mark Bullock, Dungannon,
Northern Ireland. £5 Winner.

I am pleased to see the Squaxx dek Thargo coming up with such creative schemes. Incidentally, my Art Robots point out that you can make your Pin-Ups and Badges even more thrill-powered by painting the photocopies in whatever zarjaz colours take your fancy.

DUTCH DOUBLE

Dear Thrillgiver,

I have been a dedicated follower and protector of thrill-power in Central Europe since Prog 250. However, despite my efforts, the dreaded thrill-suckers continue a reign of infestation, especially in the regions known as The Netherlands. The evil Dictators of Zrag have even had the audacity to mimic your galactic masterpiece by producing an inferior version of your comic in the Dutch language! Their comic is called 'Campus'...but a signed scan of your mighty self could be used to ward off evil thrill-sucker invasions around here. Please?

From Earthlet David Mitchell, Utrecht,
Nederland. £5 Winner.

You will receive a scan of my mighty self as soon as I receive a copy of this Zraggite clog prog.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.

2.

3.

I Dislike:

My Age is **428**

GET THE MOAT READY ANYWAY...

Dear Thrillmaster,

A poem.....

If you don't publish this note
I will stuff a large wasp down my throat,
I will cover my head
in molten-down lead,
And throw myself into a moat.

From desperate Earthlet Alex Williamson,
New Barnet. £5 Winner.

Every once in a green moon, a new poet explodes
on the Terran literary world like a comet blazing
a brilliant trail through the darkness. You,
Earthlet Alex, are not, however, him.

Strontium Dog

MUTANT BOUNTYHUNTER JOHNNY ALPHA IS ON THE TRAIL OF FRANKLIN KEEBLE AND HIS CHILDREN, STOLEN IN A RAID BY THE SLAVERS OF DRULE. NOW, ON THE PLANET CHARN, JOHNNY AND HIS NORM PARTNER WOLF STERNHAMMER BUST THEIR WAY INTO A FLESH FARM —

GOTTA TAKE OUT
THAT GUARD
TOWER —

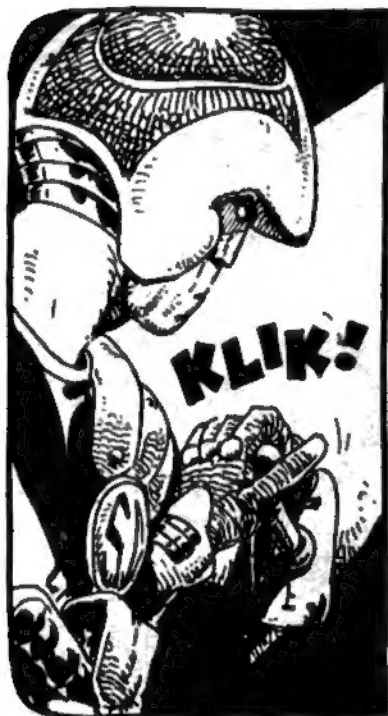
NUMBER 4
CARTRIDGE!

FAA!

DAAAAAM!









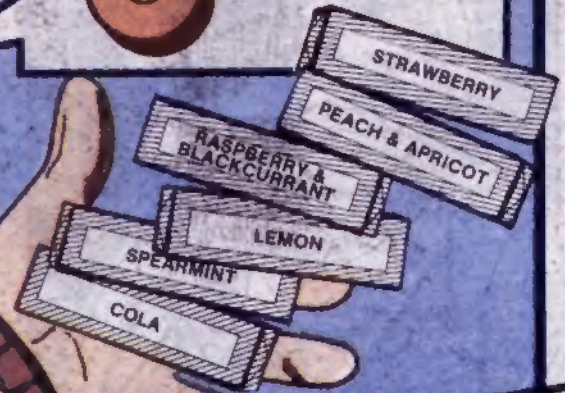
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY—BREAK GLASS



WOODY HOLLY-SAYS...

**CHEW
THIS
OVER...**

**WHAT'S THE ONLY
CHEWING GUM
IN **6** FANTASTIC
FLAVOURS?**



**MADE SPECIALLY
FOR US!! AND ONLY
10P A PACK**

HOLLYWOOD

puts the fun into chewing gum

**THE ONLY
GUM WORTH
CHEWZING !!**



MEGA CITY 1, MELCHESTER ROVERS 2!

YOU can score with

ROY OF THE ROVERS

The Comic that's Top of the League for Football!

8 FANTASTIC FOOTBALL STORIES!



A super CENTRE SPREAD COLOUR PICTURE, featuring a different soccer star, including his signature . . . every week!

A QUIZ, an hilarious JOKE page and, most weeks, a great GOAL page!

A CALL OF THE WEEK feature, in which you can ring ROY OF THE ROVERS direct and give your views on Roy's publication — or ask a question for ROY'S TALK-IN pages!

£3

goes to the senders of all published JOKES, TALK-IN letters, SIGN PLEASE and GOAL requests, plus CALL OF THE WEEK winners!

ON SALE EVERY SATURDAY!

IN THE ARENA, THE BATTLE ORGOT HAS CUT SLAINE'S HERO-HARNESSES... CAUSING HIM TO WARP OUT OF CONTROL...

SLAINE

THE POWER'S TOO STRONG! IT'LL KILL HIM!

NO, SLAINE! YOU MUST CONTROL THE EARTH-SERPENT!

IN THE THREE DAYS MOGROOTH HAD TO TRAIN SLAINE, HE'D TAUGHT THE BARBARIAN ABOUT THE NATURE OF EARTH POWER...

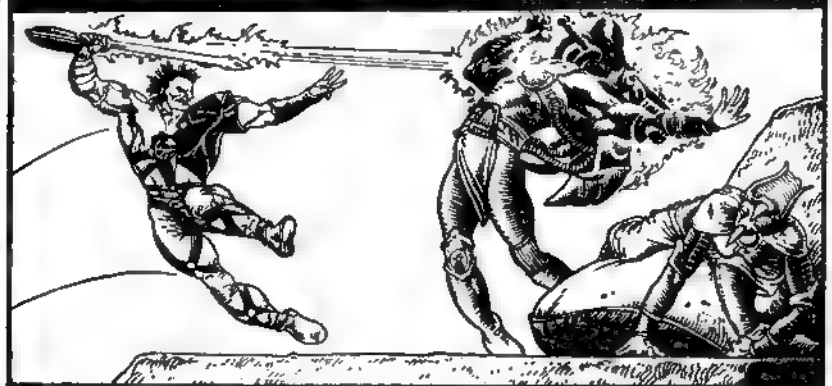
THE SPIRAL FORCE THAT RAN THROUGH THE GROUND LIKE A SERPENT... WHICH SLAINE HAD THE ABILITY TO TAP...

FEEL THE SERPENT WRITHING WITHIN YOU... LIKE A FIRE... REMEMBER — YOU ARE ITS MASTER... NOT ITS SLAVE!

UNCOIL THE SERPENT... LET IT FLOW...

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: GLENN FERRY
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER







MOGRUOTH!
PRESENT FOR
YOU!

LEYSER
CANNON!



DESTROY
ALL THE HUMAN
SWINE! THEY MUST
BE PUNISHED FOR
DEFYING THEIR
GODS!



WE'LL DO THE
PUNISHING!

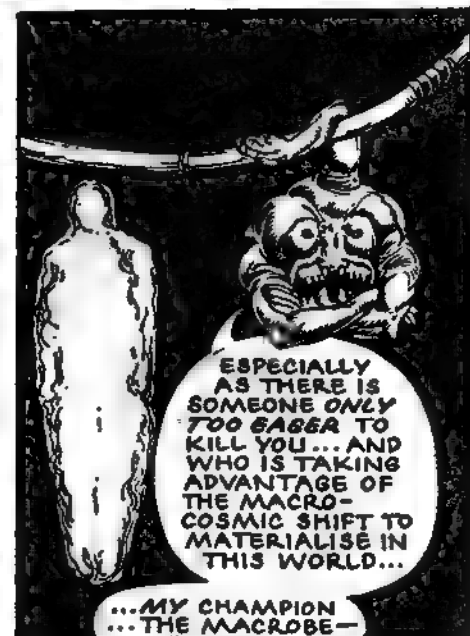
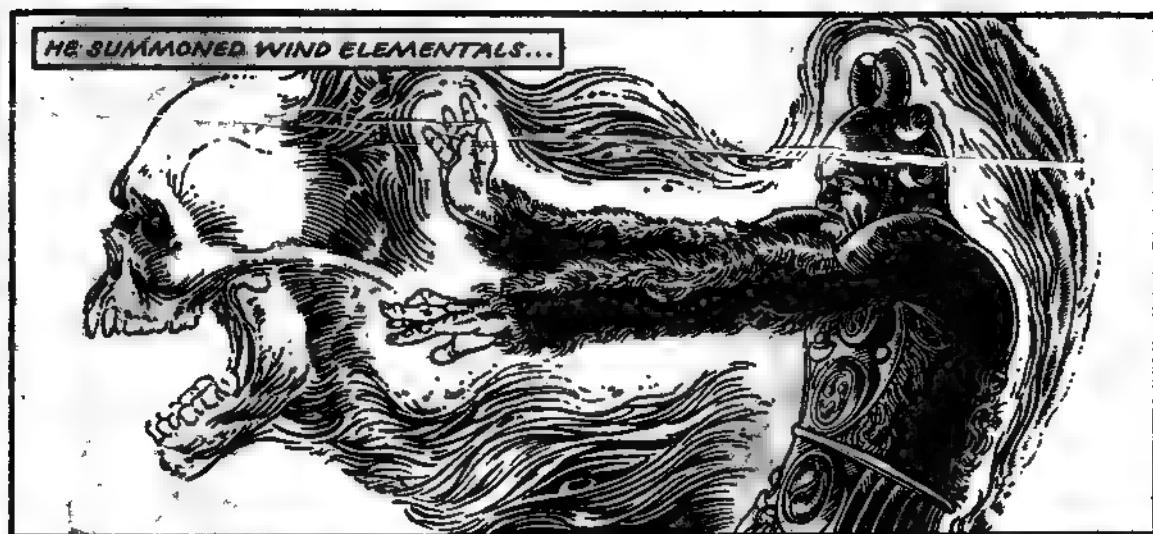


DEATH TO
THE DEMONS!



ORGOT REINFORCEMENTS
RUSHED TO THE SCENE...

AAAAHHH!



ON THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE
SUPERSURF 7 - THE ILLEGAL
WORLD POWER BOARD
CHAMPIONSHIP - IS GO!

THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE
RUNNING RED UNLESS
WE BRING 'EM DOWN
NOW!

HEY 'RE
HOOKEY
FOLKS

SHOOT
TO KILL!

SCRUB THE
"O"!
DETOUR!

SHEFFFF

SHEFFFF

DREDD HERE!
SUPERSURF NOW
HEADING NORTH
THROUGH
'DUKDOKEY
'DUST ZONE!
ALL UNITS BE
ON ALERT!



I WANT THOSE
SKYHOGS
GROUNDED!

JUDGE
DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER





WITHOUT
THROTTLE
PRESSURE,
POWER BOARDS
AUTOMATICALLY
CUT TO
HOVER...



THAT ONE'S
STILL ALIVE.
HOON HER
FIRST.



THE SUPERSURF ROUTE.
CREEP - TALK!

OH YEAH?

I DON'T RAT
ON FELLOW
SKYHOGS,
CHINFACE!



WASHINGTON -
BREAK OUT THE
TRUTH
DRUG!

COMIN'
UP!



...AND WE'VE JUST HEARD
THAT SUPERSURF 7 - THE
WORLD POWER BOARD
CHAMPIONSHIP - IS TAKING
PLACE IN THIS VERY SECTOR!

SO LEAVE YOUR VID SETS NOW!
GO TO YOUR WINDOWS! YOU
MIGHT JUST BE LUCKY
ENOUGH TO SEE THEM!



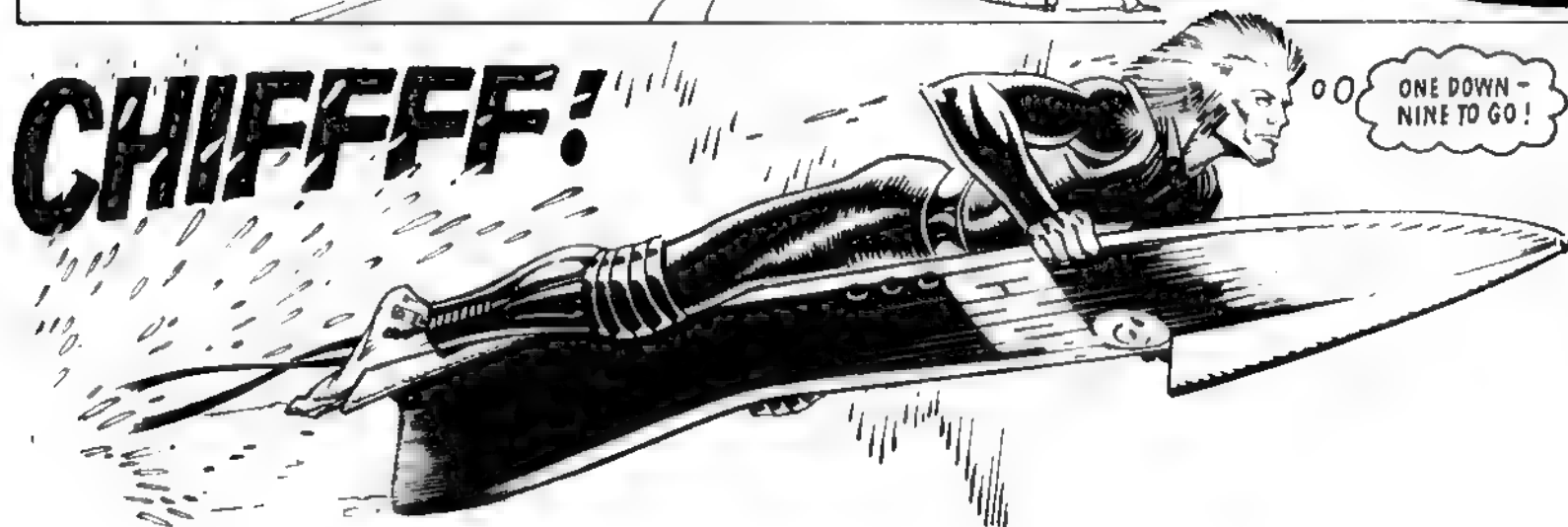
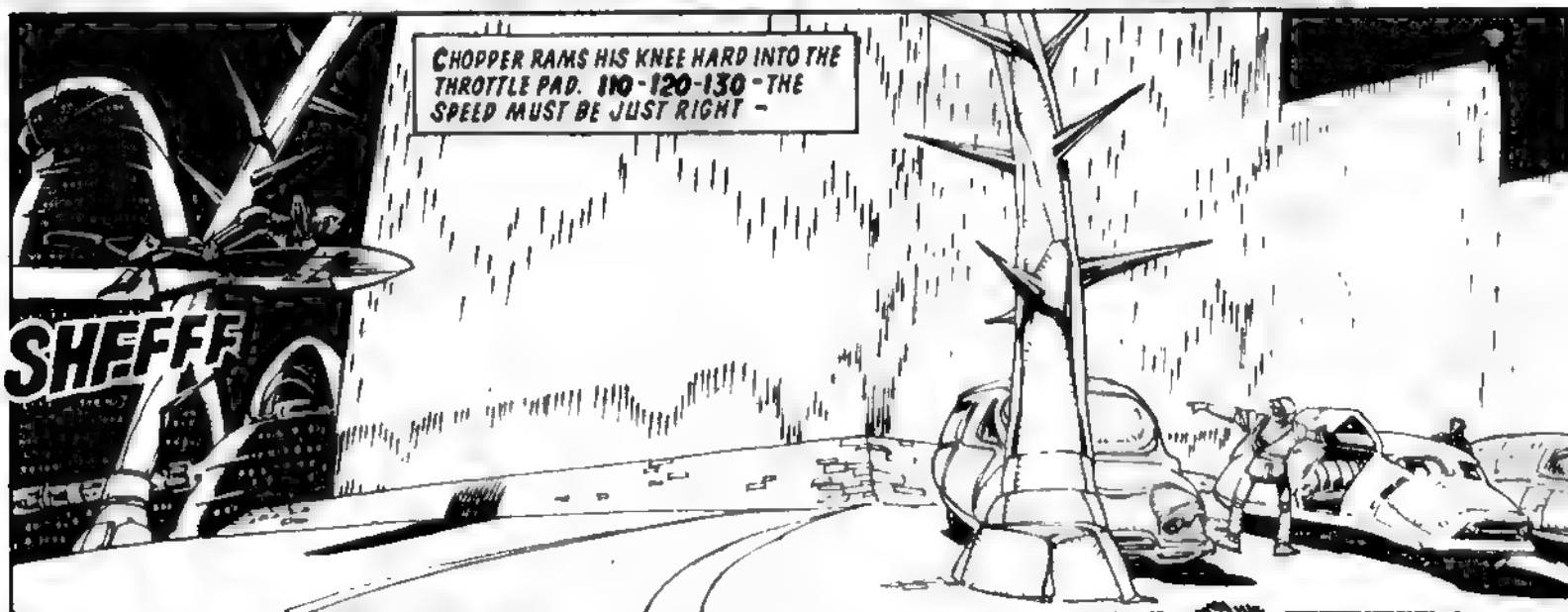
LOOK!
HERE THEY
COME!

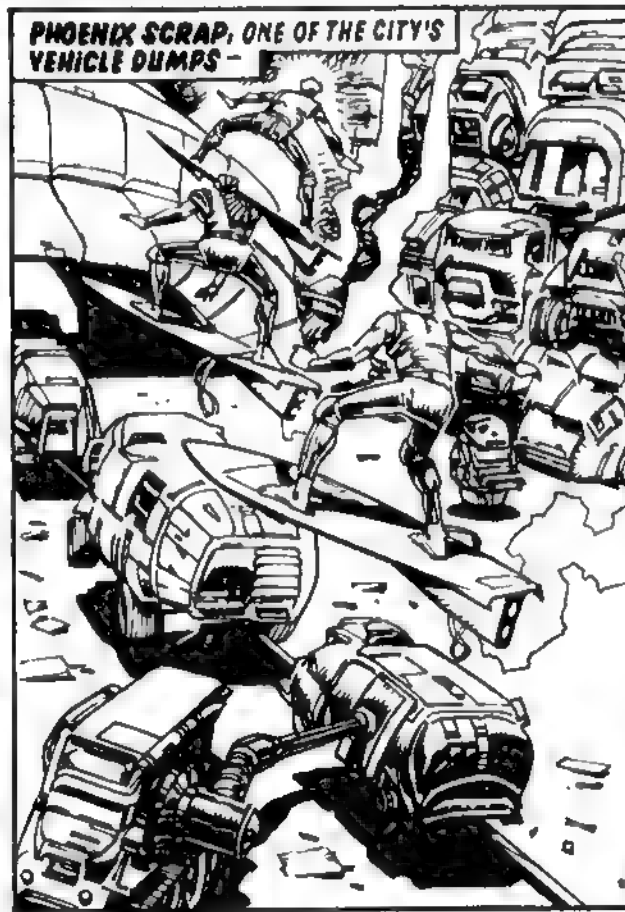
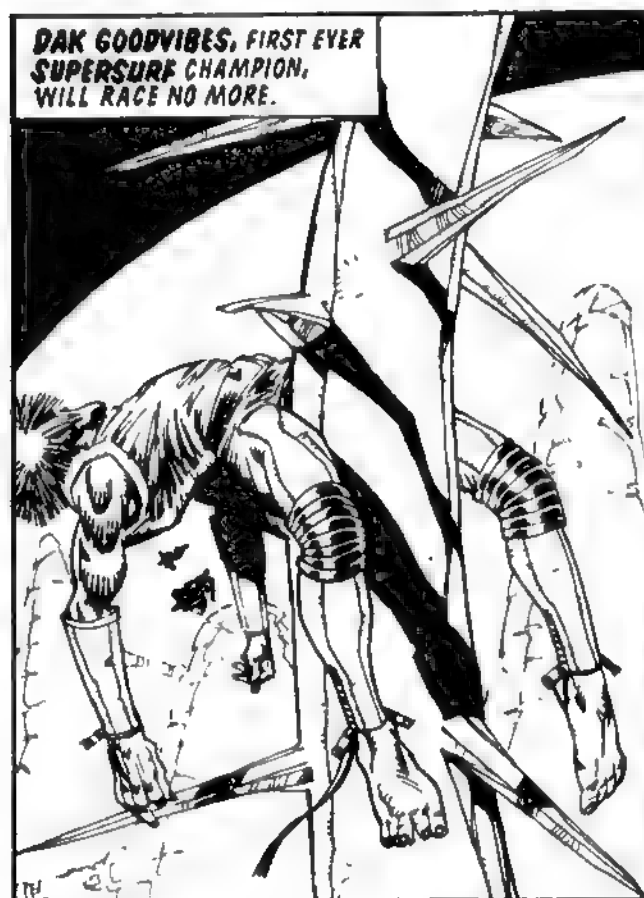
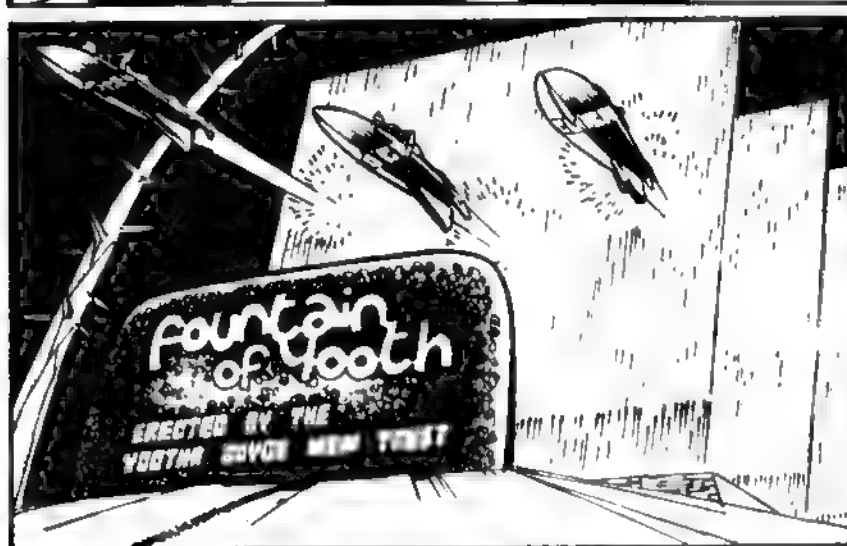


THEY'D SHOT THE "O", STRAIGHT-LANED DOWN DOKEY, THEN CUT THROUGH HARPER AND TWIX, THE LEAD SHIFTING FROM YAKAMOTO TO CUBA TO CHOPPER - NONE YET WILLING TO MAKE HIS BREAK.



NOW IT'S SHARP BANK DOWN FOR THE RUN-IN TO THE FALLS -





THE PNEUMATIC CRUSHERS
PROCESS ONE VEHICLE EVERY
TEN SECONDS -

THUMPA-THUMPA-THUMPA-THUMPA-CRUNCH

THREE SECONDS
TILL THE CRUSHERS
CLOSE AGAIN -

SSSS

CLUNK!

YAKAMOTO MOVES FIRST - AND
THE OTHERS MUST FOLLOW. TO
LET HIM THROUGH ALONE WOULD
GIVE HIM AN ADVANTAGE THEY
MIGHT NEVER CLAW BACK -

GO FOR IT!



THEY'RE GONNA
CLOSE! PULL OUT,
JOHNNY!

NO WAY!

SSSS

I CAN
MAKE IT!





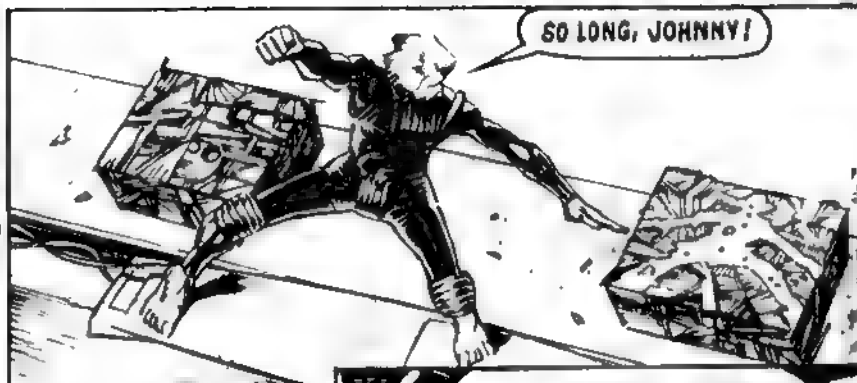
JOHNNY...!



BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR MOURNING. DEATH IS TO BE EXPECTED IN SUPERSURF 7 - AND THE FOLLOWING GROUP HAVE ALREADY CAUGHT UP.



COMING THROUGH!



SO LONG, JOHNNY!



FROM HERE ON IT'S INDIVIDUAL ROUTES - AND THE WORLD CHAMPION'S GOT A GOOD TEN SECONDS ON HIM NOW.



BUT MEANWHILE -

...AND... AFTER PHOENIX IT'S THE BIG ONE... LAST LEG THROUGH MANFRED FOX.

THAT'S IT! THE TUNNEL!



ALL UNITS CONVERGE ON MANFRED FOX TUNNEL!

NEXT PROG: THE K.Y. SURFER!



ACE TRUCKING

C^o Any space
Any time

THE CROAKSIDE TRIP!

18 -NIVE-K, THE FAST MID-SPACE
TRANSPORT DEPOT—

I HAVE THE RESULTS OF
YOUR ANNUAL LUG-UP'S
MEDICAL CHECK-UP,
CAPTAIN GARP. I'M SORRY
TO SAY, THEY ARE NOT
GOOD!



WUZZEL'S
DISEASE?
WHAT THE
HOOTN' HECK
IS THAT?

IT'S A
GRADUAL BUILD-UP
OF POISONS IN THE
BRAIN. HAPPENS SO
SLOWLY THAT THE
VICTIM HARDLY NOTICES
A THING, UNTIL—

DOXY

SNAP!

THAT'S
IT! YOU'RE
GONE!

ULP!
YA MEAN—
I'S GONNA
CROAK?

I'M AFRAID
SO, CAPTAIN.
THERE'S NO
CURE.

2000AD
Credit Card!
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-732

SHEESH! A
FATAL UFFNESS!
WHAT A WAY FOR
A TUCKER
TRUCKER TO
LUG HIS FINAL
LOAD!

VOKE ME STRAIGHT NOW,
DOXY - EXACTLY HOW LONG
HAS I GOT LEFT? A YEAR?
TWO...?

EVER THE
OPTIMIST, EH,
CAPTAIN?

NO, I DON'T THINK
WE CAN GIVE YOU THAT
LONG. LET ME SEE NOW...
UM, YES! GIVE OR TAKE
AN HOUR OR SO, I
MAKE IT - FIVE DAYS!

ULP!

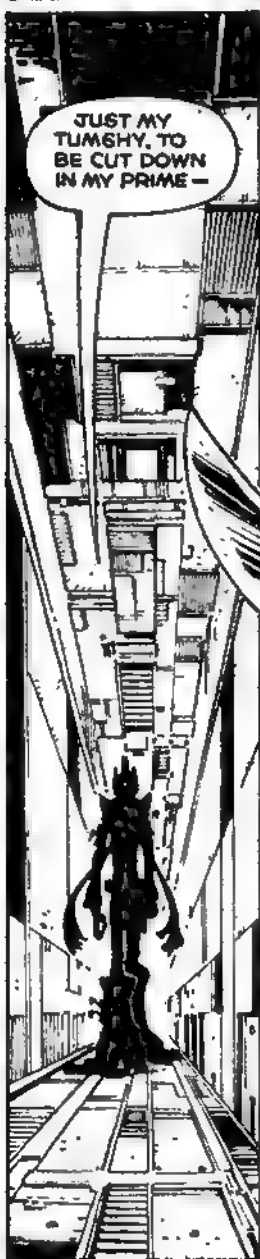


LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE
CAPTAIN - AT LEAST WUZZEL'S
DISEASE ISN'T CONTAGIOUS.
YOU WON'T BE SPREADING
THOSE NASTY POISONS TO
ANYONE ELSE!

WHOO-DE-DOO...
AN' I DON'T THUNK!



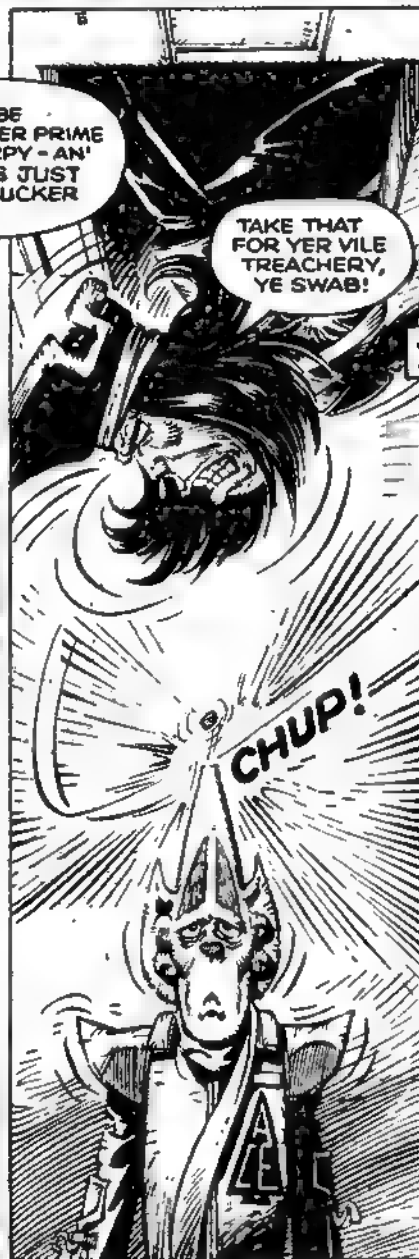
I DOESN'T GIVE
A SHUG 'BOUT
NOBODY ELSE,
DOXY - IT'S ME
I'S BOTHERED
ABOUT!



JUST MY
TUMSHY, TO
BE CUT DOWN
IN MY PRIME -



AYE! YE'LL BE
CUT DOWN IN YER PRIME
ALL RIGHT, GARPY - AN'
EVIL BLOOD IS JUST
THE DIRTY BUCKER
TO DO IT!



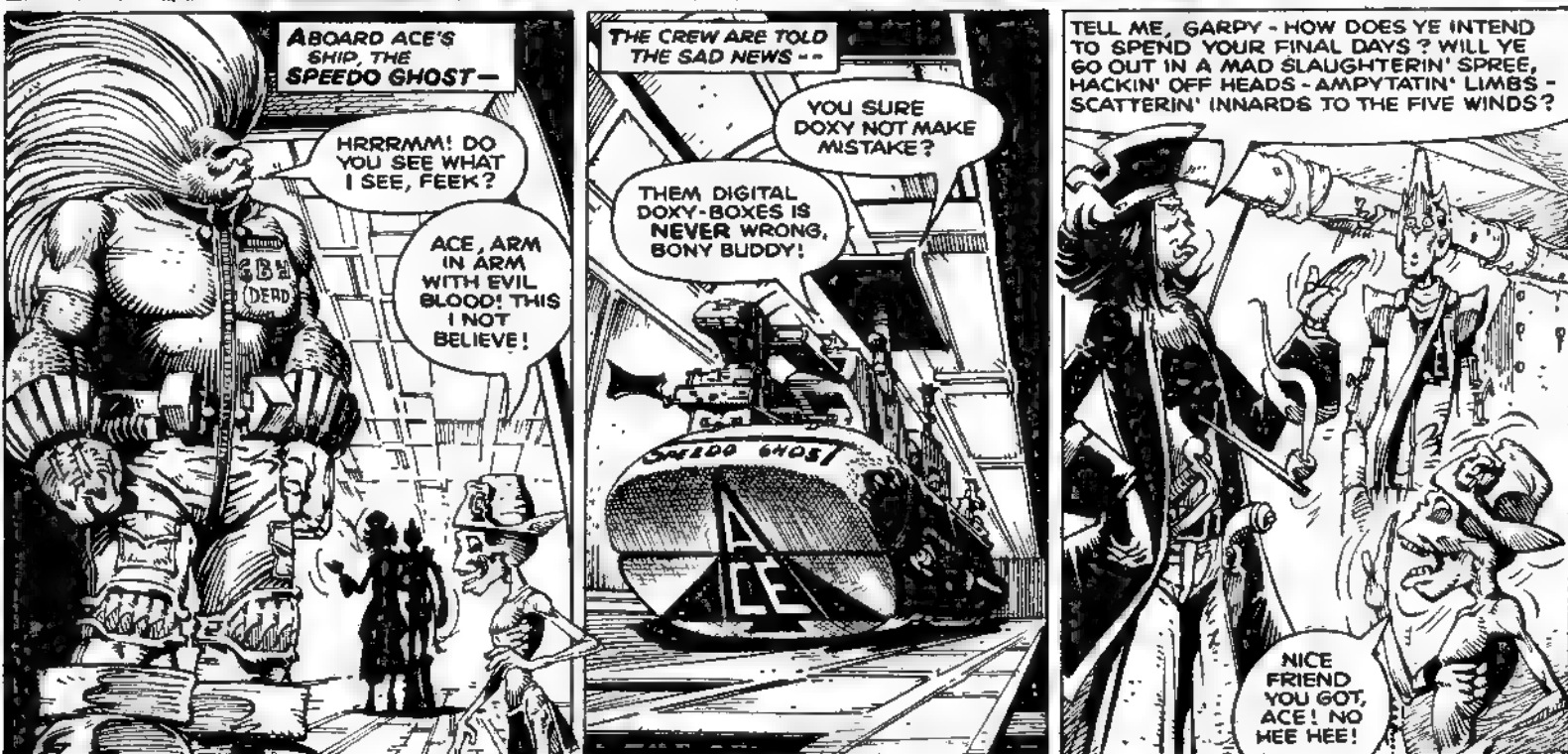
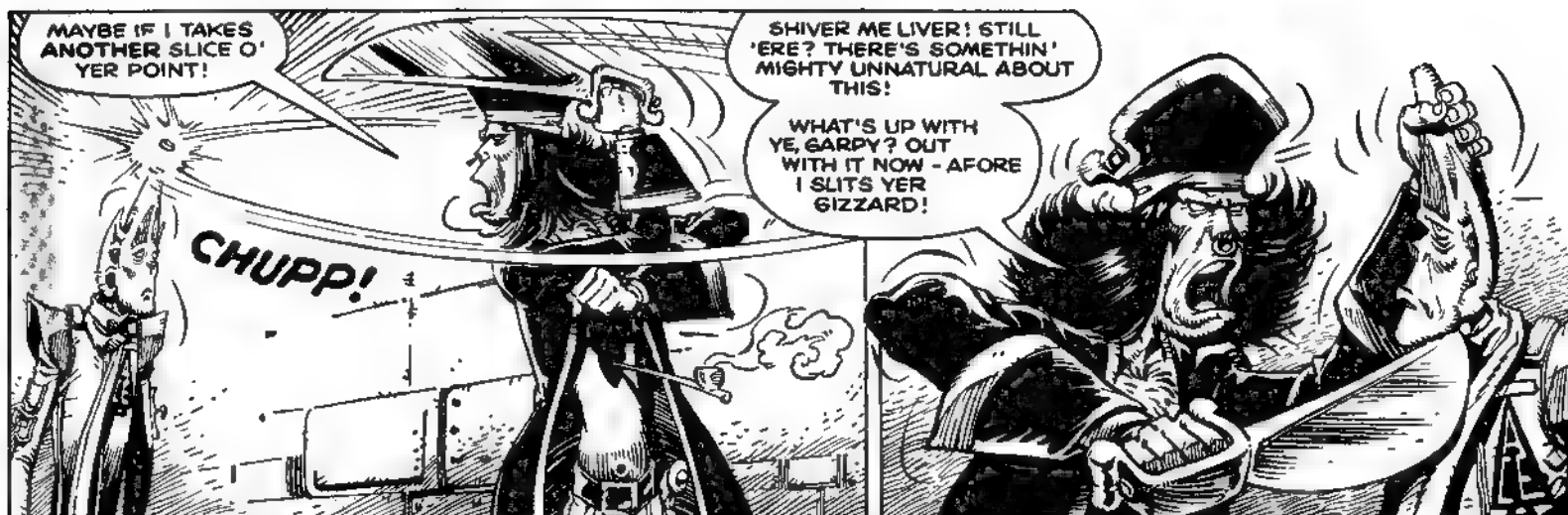
TAKE THAT
FOR YER VILE
TREACHERY,
YE SWAB!

CHUP!



SPACE PIRATE EVIL BLOOD,
ACE'S SWORN ENEMY -

WHAT'S
WRONG WITH YE,
GARPY? WHY
AIN'T YE A-RUNNIN'?
WHY AIN'T YE A-
TREMBLIN' AN' A-
QUAKIN' AT THE
SIGHT O' OLD
EVIL?



NO, GOOD BUDDIES. RECKON
I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHIN'
TUCKER FOR ONCE - SOME-
THIN' DECENT AN' UNSELFISH -
SOMETHIN' JUST
DOWNRIGHT
HELPFUL TO
MY FELLOW
BEANS!

WHAT'S ALL THIS
PANSY TALK? THAT
DON'T SOUND LIKE
YOU AT ALL, GARP!

HHMMMM...

GOTTA ADMIT -
IT DOES SEEM
A MITE OUTA
CHARACTER!

YEAH ... SKIDOO
THE FELLOW
BEANS!

COME ON -
LET'S GO
SMACK
SOME
MAC!

IN THE BAR AT THE
LUGSTERS' UNION -

WELL, IF IT
AIN'T OLD PENCIL-
HEAD GARP! YOU
SEEN SENSE AT
LAST AN' COME TO
SELL ACE TRUCKIN'
TO MY YELLOW
LINE?





NEXT
PROG:

TO BLUB A BUCKETMOUTH...

THE HOSTILE PLANET WORST, WHERE ROGUE TROOPER HAS RECEIVED INFORMATION VITAL TO HIS SEARCH FOR THE ANTIGEN THAT CAN REGENE HIS BIOCHIPPED BUDDIES.

ROGUE TROOPER

EGGS...
THE ANTIGEN
IS EXTRACTED
FROM
EGGS!

LOCATED
IN THIS NEW
ZONE, YEAH—
BUT WHERE?

JUST PYRAMID-
SHAPED DUNES
ALL AROUND US.
NO SIGN OF LIFE
AT ALL.

I'M NOT
SO SURE ABOUT
THAT, GUNNAR.
GOT THIS FAMILIAR
FEELING... LIKE
WE'RE BEING
WATCHED.

COMBAT
FATIGUE, ROGUE,
THAT'S ALL—WE
LEFT THAT LAST
BUNCH OF NORT
ALLIES WAY
BEHIND.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
G. HINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73

BUT THE ALIENS HE HAD
ATTACKED KNEW
PRECISELY WHERE
ROGUE WAS HEADED...

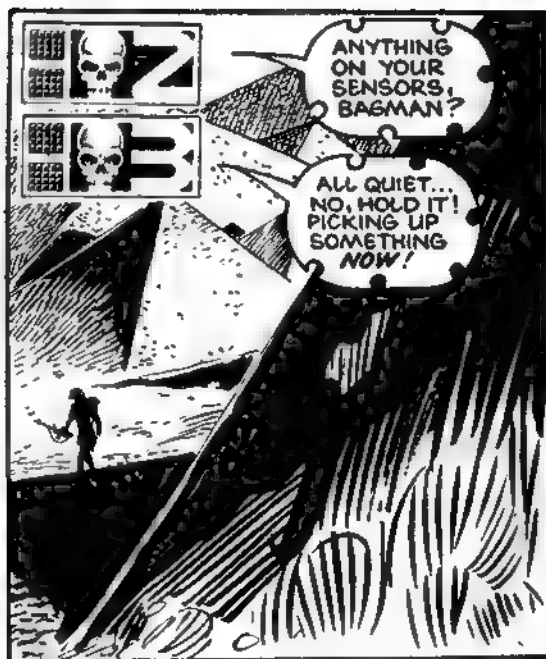
THE ANTIGEN
HE SEEKS LIES
BEYOND THE
'POINTED
DESERT'.

THE PERFECT
PLACE TO TRAP
HIM! I'LL MAKE
THE SANDS RUN
RED WITH HIS
FOUL G.I.
BLOOD!

NO! OUR
ALLIES IN
ZONE FIVE
HAVE ALREADY
BEEN
ALERTED...



"... THE DROM RACE ARE BORN KILLERS!
IT IS THEY WHO WILL DISPOSE OF HIM!"





THAT WAS THE LAST OF 'EM, GUYS.

THEY GOT ANY DATA-TAPES. ROGUE 2 MIGHT BE SOME INFO ABOUT THESE EGGS WE'RE AFTER...



ONLY A DAMN ALARM-BEACON! EVERY NORT ALLY IN THE DESERT WILL BE HEADING THIS WAY!



ROGUE WAS RIGHT—

THEY'VE FOUND THE G.I. HE CAN'T GET AWAY NOW!



NO TIME TO RUN, ROGUE— ALL YOU CAN DO IS PULL THE OLD G.I. TRICK...

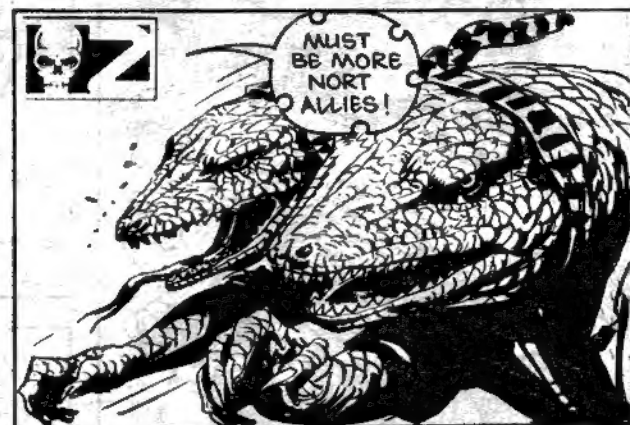


...DIG DEEP AND LET THEM RIDE OVER YOU!



BUT—

WHAT THE HELL—?



SKULL AND CROSSBONES

MUST BE MORE NORT ALLIES!



MY HAND!



THE TRANSFORMERS™

FOURMERS

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

NEW
DINOBOOTS

NOW, THE HEROIC AUTOBOTS HAVE CREATED THE DINOBOTS. A BRAVE, PREHISTORIC BREED. THEY MUST SAVE EARTH FROM THE EVIL DECEPTICONS!



SLUDGE. FIGHTS IN WATER, SWAMP OR JUNGLE. TERRIFYING AND UNSTOPPABLE.



GRIMLOCK. THE MERCILESS DINOBOT COMMANDER. HAS FEAR-SOME JAWS AND GREAT COURAGE.



SLAG. MEAN AND NASTY. ALWAYS IN A BAD MOOD. ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE.



SNARL. THE MIGHTY DESERT WARRIOR. HE'S ONLY HAPPY WHEN HE'S FIGHTING.



THE BATTLE
GOES ON.

LOOK OUT FOR THE DINOBOTS.
THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!



WOKINGHAM,
BERKSHIRE



I WARNED
YOU, CREEP!
IT'S A CRIME
TO SCAN
2000AD!

2000AD
Credit Card:
WE JOURNAL ABOUT
SCANDY
COMPU 73c